

THE
MONTHLY OFFERING.

AUGUST, 1840.

“HE IS CONTENTED AND HAPPY,”

Though this objection is almost as old as the doctrine of immediate and unconditional emancipation, and in many places worn thread-bare and lain aside ; yet, among a certain class, it is quite common. No sooner do this class of republicans and Christians hear the wretched condition of the miserable subjects of “the peculiar institutions” portrayed, than they meet it with the above objection, which they conceive to be perfectly unanswerable. It matters not to them, how great the cruelty imposed upon the slave, how benighted his mind, how ignorant of the nature, character and government of God, and the relation he sustains to HIM and his fellow creatures. It matters not how entirely ignorant he is of his temporal and eternal interests,—how unconscious of the dignity and immortality of his nature, if he does not appear like a ghost for starvation, but exhibits that indifference, and mirthfulness, characteristic of servility and degradation, in every age and country,—they instantly raise their hands and cry out, “Dont agitate the subject, they are contented and happy.”

Only arrange the machinery so as to make him unconscious of the wrong,—just benumb the soul of the victim by the touch of the torpedo slavery—extinguish, if possible, the fire of freedom, as it enkindles in the soul, and if you can reduce him to the condition of a brute, so that he is satisfied with his scanty rations, and pleased when he can evade the snappings of the lash, or escape the watchings of his task-master ; in a word, if he can be so lost to all the attributes of man as to be “contented and happy,” he has not been wronged nor outraged. The nature and

degree of the guilt is not to be graduated by the atrocity of the crime, but by the intelligence and feelings of him upon whom the outrage is committed.

THIS WILL SUPERCEDE ALL BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATIONS.

Let this system of benevolence be at once universally adopted, and never interfere with a community, if those who compose it are but "*contented and happy*." Let the Missionary Societies call home their laborers from the whole world, as it is generally understood that the heathen are satisfied with their condition, and desire to walk in the footsteps of their fathers. Even the Hindoo widow, as she casts her body to be consumed upon the burning pile of her deceased husband ; the mother, as she throws her smiling infant to be drowned in the waters of the Ganges, and the devotees to Juggernaut, as they prostrate themselves before its car, and are crushed, are all "*contented and happy*."

Whisper no rebuke in the ears of an inebriate, or to the man who imports, manufactures or vends "*the liquid fire*," unless it can be perfectly shown that they are not "*contented and happy* ;" and finally never admonish your neighbor of the wretchedness that awaits him, as he is going down the broad road to eternal ruin, if he is so unconscious of his condition as to be "*contented and happy*."

What a beautiful system ! How admirably adapted to relieve mankind of all the ills flesh is heir to ! If the cares of life oppress you, or misfortune crosses your path, —if poverty stares you in the face, or the irksome hours of day roll heavily along, the remedy is plain. There is

"A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for y-our fears."

Put yourselves under the guardian care of Franklin & Armfield, who will kindly provide you with a home for life, where you can luxuriate under the driver's lash, and bask in a Georgia's sun, upon a rice swamp, cotton field, or sugar plantation. How distressing it was, that the inhabitants of this country did not understand the nature of this universal *Panacea*, when war seemed inevitable with

France, on account of her unwillingness to acknowledge our claim to a few millions of her francs; and with England, too, because she laid claim to a few square leagues of our territory, of little more value than so much blue sky. If they had known their best good, they would have prayed these governments to convert them into things, goods, and chattels personal, to all intents, purposes, and constructions, whatsoever—to rob them of all their rights,—in a word, to make them slaves, and then, this done, oh! how "*contented and happy*" they would have been.

HAPPINESS IN THE SLAVE CONDEEMS THE SYSTEM.

But what is slavery? What is its influence upon the mind and soul? It is easy to conceive of many of the cruelties it inflicts upon the body of the slave; but as cruel, monstrous, and heart-rending as these may be, they are but as dust in the balance, to the wrong it inflicts upon the mind. It has a darker feature. It aims at the annihilation of the soul. Slavery endeavors to reduce the man, mentally, to the condition of the brute, and in proportion as it succeeds in this, he rises in value. It aims to thrust its poisoned sting into the very centre of his heart,—to seal over the avenues to his understanding,—to annihilate all desires for improvement—to stand between his conscience and his God. Man was created to be free, free to go and come at his pleasure,—to search after knowledge and to pry into all the mysteries of the Godhead,—to make, continually, new discoveries in scientific and religious truth,—never to be satisfied with his present attainments, but to be always progressing. This principle is developed in every department of society, and strikingly exemplified in the school boy, as he desires to enter a class in advance of himself. To enter that class is the desire of his heart. Every thing is made subsidiary to that object. But no sooner is this purpose accomplished, than he reaches forward for higher attainments, and advancing thus, step by step, eventually becomes dissatisfied with any thing short of Newtonian science. Thus the mind will, throughout eternity, be approximating to the great Fountain of all knowl-

edge and perfection, the CREATOR. This is what constitutes the happiness of man : it is his peculiar characteristic in contradistinction from that of the brute. Now, that system which can annihilate in the slave his natural pantings for freedom, paralyze the energies of his soul, root out his inborn desires for improvement, so that he can be "contented and happy" in being entirely used for another's benefit, needs no further evidence to convict it, in the language of the immortal WESLEY, of being "*the execrable sum of all villanies.*" This alone is conclusive against the system of slavery.

PINDA:
A TRUE TALE,
By Maria Weston Chapman.

Concluded from page 16.

"Master sent for me to be forwarded here to him, but I cannot find the way. I should not go near him, only he has my trunk with every thing I have. We got snagged going down the river, and I was put on board one vessel and my trunk on board another, which got on first. Master's house is here," she said, showing a soiled scrap of paper, on which was written, though it had become almost illegible, "No. 5 Court Street."

"What is your master's name?" exclaimed both ladies, in a breath.

"LOGAN."

Great was the astonishment of the two friends at this wonderful coincidence. "Truth was strange—stranger than fiction." Here then was the "happy slave" of the hero of the Massachusetts annual meeting! Here was she who had refused to take her freedom;—the heroine of the Eli Whitney, who had dared slavery that she might not distress the heart of her husband.

Her new friends advised her to go openly to her master, and claim her freedom and her property, face to face. She

shook her head. "He could contrive to hinder me in a thousand ways, if I let him know first. No,—I'd better take my clothes and things and go off before he knows—if I knew how to find this place."

"Follow me," said the projector of the Presbyterian tea-party. "I am going there this moment, and shall delight to show you the way."

Forward they went, down Washington Street, up Court Street;—the lady rung at No. 5, and delivered her note of invitation to the servant;—Pinda squeezed past, inquiring for "my master"—and so ended this eventful morning.

CHAPTER V.—THE TEA PARTY.

As 7 o'clock that evening drew nigh, the guests began to gather around the pleasant hearth of the "South-end Abolitionist." The Logans, for whom the party had been made, failed not to be of the number.

The talk naturally fell on slavery, and Mr. Logan, however open to conviction he might have kept his mind, confessed himself still unconverted. He dwelt particularly on the unfitness of the slaves for freedom, and on their unwillingness to receive it. Again "my woman" was walked over the course, as at the annual meeting, and the fact of her arrival that morning announced.

"How she ever found me," he said, "I cannot conjecture." The hostess, who labored under no such uncertainty as to the *modus operandi*, looked hard into the fire, the better to conceal her inclination to laugh.

"She could not even procure a carriage," he continued, "to bring her to me from the rail-road. There is much boasting of liberty at the North, but there seems to be little real justice here for her race." This was too painfully true to excite mirth.

"I think," he went on, smiling courteously, with a slight and general bow to the company, "that we of the South may defy even such zeal and perseverance, as I admiringly acknowledge in the abolitionists. We can rely on the at-

tachment of our servants. I knew, when I sent to my agent for the one who arrived this morning, how much pleasure it would give her to rejoin us."

The host, unaware of the developments of the morning, could not enter so fully as the ladies, into the exquisite comedy of the scene, but the words "I sent to my agent &c." arrested his attention; and by a mute glance, he took the company to witness that here was a case in which a slave might hereafter require their aid to prove her master's acknowledged agency in her transportation.

In the relative position of the company to each other, affected as it had been by the events of the morning, a free flow of conversation could hardly be expected. Some, wondering at the constrained manner of others, strove to sustain the conversation upon the scriptural arguments, and the loveliness of liberty—but it was a relief to all when the evening was at an end. To one party, that they might recount to each other the events of the day;—to the other, that they might, with the help of "our woman," just arrived, arrange their line of march from No. 5 Court Street to New Hampshire, which was to be taken up the ensuing morning.

How many a slip is there between the cup and the lip! "Our woman," on being summoned by Mr. Hogan, to attend upon the night-toilette of her mistress, was ascertained to be in society altogether unbecoming the character of "an attached slave;"—i. e. *among the missing.*

CHAPTER VI.—THE FREE DWELLING.

After a few weeks residence with the friend whose house had first sheltered her, Pinda expressed a desire to be no longer dependent on any one, for what her own exertions might procure. She selected a room in —— Street, where she lived as happily as the separation from her husband would permit. She experienced no difficulty in providing for all her wants by the labor of her hands. It was, to say the least, *as easy*, she found, to wash, iron, brew, bake, sweep or "clean paint," *for a consideration*,

as to do all these things without receiving any consideration at all.

She was sometimes annoyed by Mr. Logan, who never failed, when he visited Boston, to alarm her by endeavors to find out her humble apartment, or to send her some threat, from which, in her uncertainty as to the extent of his power, she could not help suffering.

She used, when so annoyed, to pay a visit to "her people," as she always called those who first sheltered her, that she might obtain fresh assurance of the safety of her new position.

"Mr. Logan tells us," said this family to her, (for they always made it a point of conscience to transmit his messages;) "that he wants you to go back with him, that he may have you nursed up, and taken care of." "Why did not he take care of me when he had the chance?" was the reply.

"He says he wishes very much to see you."

"I have seen as much as I want to *of him*.

When those who had the opportunity of watching the facts here narrated, as they evolved from the arrangements of Providence, hear it said that slaves cannot take care of themselves if made free, they point to PINDA, living in freedom with industrious and provident comfort.

When they hear the ignorant and heartless assertion that slaves do not wish to be free, they point to PINDA, struggling between the claims of freedom and affection.

When they hear it denied that the North is guilty of upholding slavery, they point to the "gentlemanly and religious slave-holder,"—connected by marriage with the farthest North—bringing his slaves into the free New Hampshire homes—taking his place in the assemblies of our northern social and religious life—partaking of every symbol of Christian communion—following his letters of introduction into the first society, and disseminating every where the principles of unrighteousness and slavery: and then they bid the beholder mark the conduct of those who

claim to represent the piety and intelligence of the North, towards such a man.

They claim to be ministers of Christ and conservators of morals ; yet their " poor dumb mouths " are never opened on this giant iniquity, and silent they are determined to remain, till the mouths of " Garrison and the like" are shut. When we see such men, racked by the pressure of a public in the process of regeneration, all refusing to do more than to admit that " it might, perhaps, be well for men to *begin to consider* this subject," they point to the *slave-holder's* unrebuked and incessant labors among us, and say ; " while we have among us devotedness to slavery like this, and continue to sustain religious teachers who refuse to condemn it, while they unhesitatingly denounce abolitionists, what can be said but that the North is guilty of upholding slavery with the most powerful means she possesses ? "

CHAPTER VII.—THE SURPRISE.

A year and seven months from the time of Pinda's arrival in Boston, as the cold November rains began to set in, she sat lonely by her humble hearth in B. street. A melancholy feeling crept over her as she thought of her absent husband, and of the length of time that had elapsed since they parted. She thought of all the dreadful uncertainties of his situation. Had Mr. Logan sold him to the far South ? Had he kept him in ignorance of her fate ? Had he succeeded in making Abraham believe Pinda dishonest and unworthy ? She had every reason to suppose the latter might be the case, as Mr. Logan had spared no pains to create prejudice against her in the minds of her new friends, by declaring that she had robbed Abraham of all his savings before she left Savannah, as well as himself of large sums. Her heart sunk within her as she weighed the probabilities that she might never again behold her husband. She had once procured a letter to be written to him, but how many contingencies might have prevented his receiving it. The mail does not run for slaves, nor, as aboli-

tionists have learned to their cost, for truly freemen either. In this, at least, we are in bonds as bound with them.

Overpowered with painful reflections, she sat nourishing the expiring fire, till it seemed the emblem of her perishing hopes. A knocking at the door aroused her, and as she opened it a man of color stood in the passage, bidding her come to a certain house he mentioned in Battery-march Street that evening, and she would find a letter from her husband. He was alive then—well, perhaps—still confided in her affection and integrity. She could hardly wait for evening, and its first stars saw her on her way to the place of appointment. The same man received her on her arrival, but seemed in no haste to produce the promised letter. He talked vaguely of the many changes and chances of life, and how we ought to be prepared for whatever might take place. What—what has happened, she strove to say; but she could not speak the words. “What would you say,” continued the man, “if the person from whom you expect to receive a letter were not far from here?” Pinda rose—fear, doubt, joy, struggling within her for the mastery. She made a step towards the entrance—her consciousness gave way, and she fell fainting to the floor. The humane man, who had striven in vain to prepare her for the unexpected arrival, raised her up and succeeded in reviving her.

Her husband was called in, and all the various experiences of both recounted. “I am here,” said Abraham. “How I got here you must not tell, for it may bring kind people into difficulty, and close up the way to those who are left behind. Our two little children—it is well they are dead. We have not left them in slavery. 970 dollars I have paid master since he first hired me out 6 years ago, and have paid all my own clothes, food, doctoring, and for all the doctoring that Pinda needed, even to a spoonful of oatmeal, though she was master’s house-slave: and to hear him say that she stole!” “Yes,” interrupted Pinda, “he said that I had robbed you and himself.” Abraham could not suppress an interjection of contempt. “Is not all that I have yours, Pinda, and could it be in better hands?”

Abraham gave evidence, in all his remarks, of sound sense and right feeling. Aware that his own case differed from that of his wife, he being a fugitive, and she protected by the law in the enjoyment of her freedom, he laid his plans for safety with acuteness, and followed them out with steadiness. He keenly realized, though the fair and the wealthy find it difficult to do so, that the freest state of the twenty six has so much to do with slavery that there is not a foot of ground in all its fair territory where the fugitive may feel secure. Not a hamlet where he can be assured that men will let the outcast dwell with them and bewray not him that wandereth. Both the husband and wife were perfectly aware of the cares and duties of freedom—of its responsibilities, as well as of its delights. "No," said Pinda, "in reply to one who queried whether slavery were not as easy to be borne as the disadvantages and possible privations of their new condition,—"a crust here, with only cold water, is better than the greatest plenty in slavery. All my youth I have suffered under different mistresses with no enjoyment of my family. Now, Abraham is with me. I will take care of him—he will take care of me. We may suffer with the cold—we may suffer from want, but our last days will be our best days, for we are FREE."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE WEEKLY CONTRIBUTION.

Two ways opened to Abraham, either of which would ensure his safety from pursuit. One was the way to Canada—the other to Guiana. While making up his mind respecting them, his thoughts often reverted to the condition of his afflicted people at the South; and he felt, what every human soul *ought* deeply to feel,—"that Freedom itself is not sweet to a man, while a brother is suffering in bondage." Many a midnight found him in discussion with Pinda upon the "principles and measures of Anti-Slavery Societies." It was surprising how little difficulty they found in comprehending problems that had puzzled Theological institutions, and whole bodies of clergymen. They

saw, as by intuition, how their former Master's northern friends and associates might bring him to understand, if they would, that slavery was an intolerable abomination. It was no riddle to them "What the North had to do with it." It was to them as clear as the sun at noon-day, that the Boston man who manufactured "negro-cloths" for the Savannah man, and took his pay in cotton, had precisely the same interest in the continuance of slavery as the latter. It was no marvel to them that the members of Park St. Bowdoin St. Federal St. and Berry St. &c. who perchance held mortgages of *Southern property*, or deeds of Alabama lands, should give their respective ministers to understand that it was disagreeable to them to hear notices read on Sunday of an anti-slavery meeting.

They had had opportunities to know how many a northern conscience is killed with kindness at the South,—and how many a southern conscience, strengthened in iniquity by the conduct of professors of religion at the North. It looked as clear as day to them, that the more members there were in a church, the easier the minister's salary was raised:—and they saw that as matters stood, the richest men would be the first to quit a church whose discipline forbade participation in slaveholding.

They saw why it should be as much as a minister's living was worth to be an abolitionist, and what made it so difficult to "work with Mr. Garrison."

That enigma, "immediate emancipation," was not too much for *their* philosophy: that dark saying "slavery is a sin in all circumstances," looked luminous to their ethics. Anti-Slavery Societies of men and women, helping each other to put a stop to slavery, looked to them as natural as life, and as beautiful as religion. If a man hated slavery, they saw that he would just as surely call "all hands to the work," as he would breathe.

But then they had had those actual illuminations on the subject, before which the fashionable mental difficulties flee away like fog before the sun of a summer morning. Thirty-nine lashes, well laid on, or the severing of the first-born,

would soon make a man see, they thought, that all this hanging back sprung out of selfish sympathy with the master, and the want of common human feeling for the slave.

Seeing so clearly and feeling so deeply, as these two did, their first inquiry was, "What shall we do? Poor as they were, they felt rich in the possession of liberty, and they gave their mite to extend it to others, with that effusion of heart, so lovely and so rare, that commands a blessing upon the spot where it is poured out.

"Just the thing for us!" they said; as they saw the "weekly contribution plan," set up in the dwelling they loved so well to visit, as it was so many centuries ago in the dwellings of the Christian Greeks. They entered their names upon the card as subscribers, each of a cent a week; and as they might so soon depart, they paid in advance. The little boxes of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, the savings banks of the cause, have the aperture made too narrow for the reception of any but small coins; and the contributors to the West Street box blushed to think that the first time that the size of a donation rendered it necessary to raise the cover for its admission, was when Pinda brought her discolored Mexican dollar, yet incrusted with the sand of its Savannah hiding-place,) to carry on the operations of the Massachusetts Society against Slavery.

KIND TREATMENT.

Probably no one of the multitude of objections, urged by slaveholders and their apologists against the abolitionists, has ever gulled more people, or contributed more effectually to quell the gushing tide of sympathy for those in bonds, which rises spontaneously in every human heart at the bare mention of that system by which they are ground in the dust, than the old stereotyped one about kind treatment. From the time man first imbruted and murdered God's image by claiming to hold his equal brother as an article of

merchandise to the present mid-day career of this "gloriour republic" of men-stealers, this has been the constant cry of every tyrant and every robber of his species. "Treated well." "Better off than if they were free," "Would not take their freedom if they could get it," &c. &c., constitute the universal pro-slavery humbug, which has been palmed upon a too credulous community, in every age and nation where man has exercised unrighteous dominion over his fellow man, and philanthropy has attempted to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free. The following graphic grouping together of histories in support of the position we have here assumed, is taken from Weld's "Slavery As It Is;"—a work by the way which should be in the hands of every human being, and which was never yet read by any one whose heart was not harder than adamant, or whose conscience was not literally seared as with a hot iron, without feeling a glow of indignation against that outrageous system which reduces man to the condition of a brute, or without rising up with a determination to labor for its destruction while "life and thought and being last," or until it shall cease to debase and murder the human race.

N. H. W.

It is no marvel that slaveholders are always talking of their *kind treatment* of their slaves. The only marvel is, that men of sense can be gulled by such professions. Despots always insist that they are merciful. The greatest tyrants that ever dripped with blood have assumed the titles of "most gracious," "most clement," "most merciful," &c., and have ordered their crouching vassals to accost them thus. When did not vice lay claim to those virtues which are the opposites of its habitual crimes? The guilty, according to their own showing, are always innocent, and cowards brave, and drunkards sober, and harlots chaste, and pickpockets honest to a fault. Every body understands this. When a man's tongue grows thick, and he begins to hicough and walk cross-legged, we expect him, as a matter of course, to protest that he is not drunk; so when a man is always 'singing the praises

of his own honesty, we instinctively watch his movements and look out for our pocket-books. Whoever is simple enough to be hoaxed by such professions, should never be trusted in the streets without somebody to take care of him. Human nature works out in slaveholders just as it does in other men, and in American slaveholders just as in English, French, Turkish, Algerine, Roman and Grecian. The Spartans boasted of their kindness to their slaves, while they whipped them to death by thousands at the altars of their gods. The Romans lauded their own mild treatment of their bondmen, while they branded their names on their flesh with hot irons, and when old, threw them into their fish ponds, or like Cato "the Just," starved them to death. It is the boast of the Turks that they treat their slaves as though they were their children, yet their common name for them is "dogs," and for the merest trifles, their feet are bastinadoed to a jelly, or their heads clipped off with the scimetar. The Portuguese pride themselves on their gentle bearing toward their slaves, yet the streets of Rio Janeiro are filled with naked men and women yoked in pairs to carts and wagons, and whipped by drivers like beasts of burden.

Slaveholders, the world over, have sung the praises of their tender mercies towards their slaves. Even the wretches that plied the African slave trade, tried to rebut Clarkson's proofs of their cruelties, by speeches, affidavits, and published pamphlets, setting forth the accommodations of the "middle passage," and their kind attentions to the comfort of those whom they had stolen from their homes, and kept stowed away under hatches, during a voyage of four thousand miles. So, according to the testimony of the autocrat of Russia, he exercises great clemency towards the Poles, though he exiles them by thousands to the snows of Siberia, and tramples them down by millions, at home. Who discredits the atrocities perpetrated by Ovando in Hispaniola, Pizarro in Peru, and Cortez in Mexico,—because they filled the ears of the Spanish Court with protestations of their benignant rule! While they were yok-

ing the enslaved natives like beasts to the draught, working them to death by thousands in their mines, hunting them with bloodhounds, torturing them on racks, and broiling them on beds of coals, their representations to the mother country teemed with eulogies of their parental sway! The bloody arocities of Philip II. in the expulsion of his Moorish subjects, are matters of imperishable history. Who disbelieves or doubts them? And yet his courtiers magnified his virtues and chanted his clemency and his mercy, while the wail of a million of victims, smitten down by a tempest of fire and slaughter, let loose at his bidding, rose above the *Te Deums* that thundered from all Spain's cathedrals. When Louis XIV. revoked the edict of Nantz, and proclaimed two millions of his subjects free plunder for persecution,—when from the English channel to the Pyrenees the mangled bodies of the Protestants were dragged on reeking burdles by a shouting populace, he claimed to be "the father of his people," and wrote himself "His most *Christian* Majesty."

For the Offering.

GRATITUDE.—BY M. W. CHAPMAN.

"We must show that we appreciate the privileges of Freedom by our labors and our sympathies for those who do not possess them. This is the way to pay to God our gratitude and our thanks."—*Speech of S. R. Alexander, on the first of August, 1840, at the Belknap-St. Church.*

Though fervid summer's heat is here,
As to our work we go,
Yet plenty crowns the smiling year,
And Liberty's bright glow.
Then evermore an offering pour,
To make the bondmen know
The happy cheer of Freedom's year,
E'er to the grave they go.

Resolve, as in His presence dread
Who made you strong and free,
To leave no burning word unsaid,
Till every land shall be
Pure from the stain of scourge and chain ;
And every slave shall see,
On every plain, the golden reign
Of peace and liberty !

To leave no earnest deed undone,
Nor time nor wealth unspent,
Until the all-beholding sun,
From his blue firmament
Shall mark a light than his more bright,
Gild mountain, plain, and wave ;
And sink in shame the hated name
Of master and of slave.

Fail not to read the interesting narrative of PINDA, which is concluded in this number. Comment upon it is useless. The reader may be assured that even the minutest of its details are facts.

To CORRESPONDENTS. We thank our friend Simmons for his article on the inherent sinfulness of slavery. It will appear in our next.

We would say to "*Liberty*" that his article is quite too long for "The Offering."

This number of "The Offering" has been delayed to give subscribers an opportunity to send in their subscriptions, so that we might be better prepared to know how large an edition to issue. Hereafter it will be issued about the middle of each month. Subscribers are earnestly requested to act as agents. ~~Q~~ See conditions on the second page of the cover. These will be rigidly adhered to.